

# THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

Subscription \$1.50 per Year.

VOL. V.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889.

## STATE DIRECTORY.

Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake county, Governor; salary \$3,000.  
 Thomas M. Holt, of Alamance county, Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate.  
 William L. Saunders, of Wake county, Secretary of State; salary \$2,400.  
 George W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, Auditor; salary \$1,500.  
 Donald W. Bain, of Wake county, Treasurer; salary \$3,000.  
 Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba county, Superintendent of Public Instruction; salary \$1,500.  
 Theo. F. Davidson, of Buncombe county, Attorney-General; salary \$1,000, and Reporter to Supreme Court; salary \$1,000.  
 James D. Glenn, of Guilford county, Adjutant-General; salary \$800.  
 J. C. Birdsong, of Wake county, State Librarian; salary \$750.  
 J. D. Boushail, of Camden county, Chief Clerk to Auditor; salary \$1,000.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.  
 Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer and Supt. Pub. Instruction.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.  
 Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Supt. Pub. Instruction, and Attorney-General.

SUPREME COURT.  
 William N. H. Smith, of Wake, Chief-Justice. A. S. Merrimon, of Wake, J. J. Davis, of Franklin, James E. Shepperd, of Beaufort, A. C. Avery, of Burke, Associate Justices. Salaries of Chief Justice and Associate Justices each \$2,000.  
 Supreme Court meets in Raleigh on the first Monday in February and last Monday in September.

REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS.  
 Senate.—Zebulon B. Vance, of Buncombe; term expires March 4th, 1891; Matt. W. Ransom, of Northampton; term expires March 4th, 1891.  
 House of Representatives.—First District, F. G. Skinner, Dem.; Second District, H. P. Cheatam, (col.) Rep.; Third District, Chas. W. McCoskey, Dem.; Fourth District, H. H. Rynn, Dem.; Fifth District, J. M. Brower, Rep.; Sixth District, Alfred Reynolds, Dem.; Seventh District, John S. Henderson, Rep.; Eighth District, W. H. H. Cowles, Dem.; Ninth District, H. G. Ewart, Rep.

HALIX COUNTY DIRECTORY.  
 GENERAL ASSEMBLY.  
 State.—T. L. Emry.  
 House.—W. H. Anthony, T. H. Taylor.  
 Will A. Daniel, County Supt. Public Schools.  
 W. F. Parker, County Treasurer.  
 R. I. Ailshook, Sheriff.  
 L. Vinson, Register of Deeds.  
 J. T. Gregory, Clerk Superior Court.  
 W. B. Whitehead, Coroner.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.  
 Dr. W. R. Wood, Chairman; W. E. Rogers, Whiting Johnson, H. J. Pope, J. H. Whitaker.  
 W. A. Dunn, County Attorney.  
 INFERIOR COURT.—Thos. N. Hill, Judge; E. P. Hyman and S. S. Norman, Associate Justices.  
 S. M. Gary, Clerk of Inferior Court.  
 J. M. Gizzard, County Solicitor.

TIME FOR HOLDING SUPERIOR COURT.—March 4th, May 13th, Nov. 11th.  
 March and November Courts are for civil cases only except jail cases.  
 Scotland Neck—Town Directory.  
 E. E. Hilliard, Mayor; C. W. Dunn, Town Constable.  
 TOWNS COMMISSIONERS.—W. A. Dunn, R. H. Smith, Jr., Dr. R. M. Johnson, M. Oppenheimer.

CHURCHES.  
 Episcopal, Rev. Walter Smith, Pastor.  
 Baptist, Rev. J. D. Huffman, D. D., Pastor.  
 Methodist, Rev. Mr. Harrison, Pastor in charge.  
 Primitive Baptist, Elder A. J. Moore, Pastor.

SOUTHERN HOTEL.  
 HALIFAX, N. C.  
 D. D. BRYAN, Proprietor.  
 First-class servants, good accommodations and every attention that may be desired. Location just in front of Court-house.  
 Livery attached. Terms reasonable.  
 Stop at Southern Hotel.  
 Hacks to and from depot free of charge.  
 27 1/2

## JUDGE NOT.

THE BIBLE strictly bids you beware to criticize the sins and faults of others. As seen by mortal eyes. You know not what temptation was in the sinner's way. What wiles and lures of Satan had caused his fall to stray. Before you pass stern judgement upon a fellow-man. 'Twould be more wise and proper your inner self to scan, and see if there deep-hidden, enough you cannot find of evil inclinations. To occupy your mind. But should you find it needful, to note a neighbor's sin, don't thrust it to the million, but keep it still within, and judge him just as kindly as you in mercy can. And as you'd have him sentence you Judge though thy fellow-man. So friend of evasive language, just pause a moment now; lay by your stern demeanor, smooth out your ruffled brow; and ere you pass your judgement, please first review the case. And see how you'd have acted had you been in his place.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

AN ORATION BY S. G. MARKS AT BULE'S CREEK ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT, MAY 16TH.

### Ladies and Gentlemen:

Just one year ago I came before you to tell you of Bess and her three lovers; but, according to my custom when appearing before an audience, I became excited and could not tell whether I was telling of Bess's lovers or giving you a bit of my own sad experience. The consequence was, that I stopped abruptly in the middle of my declamation, leaving the poor lawyer in the chaise to make his escape as best he could. But on this occasion, I have decided to leave Cupid's legends to be told by the more romantic boys of school, and speak of the land of my birth.

From a few cottages on the Tiber, Rome rose to a kingdom, to a republic, to an empire. And in like manner North Carolina rose from a few settlers on the Atlantic coast to a colony, to a State, to independence. But standing as we do to day on the threshold of the twentieth century, surrounded by peace, prosperity, and happiness, it is hard for us to realize that only three centuries ago North Carolina was unknown to the civilized world. It was then inhabited only by savage tribes of Indians whose sole occupation was hunting and fishing; and being ever ready to avenge an injury, whether real or imaginary, they kept up a constant warfare with neighboring tribes, and regarded the bleeding scalps of their enemies as the most honorable trophies of war. But these are now buried with the things of the past. They were dispersed by the rising sun of Christianity and civilization which has so abundantly shed its genial rays upon our beloved State, and made North Carolina the grandest State of the greatest nation under the sun. Like the stories in Arabian Nights, this boundless wilderness has been transformed within less than two hundred years to one of the finest agricultural regions in the world. It is the only State in the Union that is able to fill every blank sent out by the agricultural department at Washington.

Where the eye once could behold nothing but an unbroken forest, may now be seen in the North-western part of the State, large fields of yellow grain, waving to and fro in the breeze like a rippling sea of gold. In the central and southern part of the State are large cotton plantations not unlike a prairie covered with snow. And the Eastern section being especially adapted to corn, competes with the world in producing this great staple. And in no other land can be found such a variety of fruits and flowers.

Where once nothing could be heard but the howl of the wolf, the war-whoop of the savage, or the scream of the panther, can now be heard the low of cattle, the hum of machinery, the toll of the church bell and the songs and prattle of merry children on their way to school. Villages, towns, cities, churches and schools springing up on every hand, railroads traversing every portion of the State; steamboats plying on every navigable stream, are some of the evidences that North Carolina no longer deserves, if ever she did, to bear the reproach of being called Rip Van Winkle.

North Carolina has ever been noted for her fair daughters and brave sons. In the dark days of 1775, when the thirteen States along the Atlantic coast were so oppressed by the tyrannical and galling yoke of Great Britain, North Carolina was the first to sever from the British crown; and at Charlotte on May the 20th, declared herself free and independent. And her fair bosom was the first to be stained with the blood shed for the liberty we now enjoy. Though not so densely populated then as now, she furnished more than twenty thousand troops, and in her borders were fought the most famous battles of the Revolution. Even the gray haired mothers and bright eyed maidens, though not actually engaged in battle, were struggling hard for freedom and independence. They made the clothes the soldiers wore, they moulded his balls, they tilled the farm for his support, and last but not far from being the least, they offered their gentle and effectual prayers to Heaven for the success and preservation of the loved ones far away. And the motto of the State, during those seven years of suffering and sorrow, was clearly expressed by Patrie Henry when he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

Again in 1861 when the dark clouds of war were casting their lowering shadows over this beautiful quarter of the globe, when war between the States seemed inevitable, we again find North Carolina buckling on her armor to battle for her rights. "The first man to fall in that great struggle was a Mr. Wyatt, of Edgecombe county; and the last charge was made by a North Carolina brigade."

Though North Carolina was among the last to secede when she did withdraw from the Federal Union she went to work with all the energy she had been wont to display, and furnished one fifth of the troops in the Southern army. And at Appomattox on that sad and memorable day, April the 9th, 1865, when Gen. Lee acknowledged the South, not whipped, but overpowered, the hardy sons of the Old North State surrendered twice as many muskets as any other Southern State. And notwithstanding that more than thirty thousand of her noble braves fell in that bloody war, many of whose bones now rest beneath the sod of the Old Dominion, she is again triumphing with loyal sons who are ever ready to defend her, though the reason be their lives.

"North Carolina, thou sweet home of mine;  
 On no fairer land has the sun ever shined—  
 From ocean to mountain top piercing the sky,  
 I love thee, my home land, and will till I die."

## A LETTER FROM GEN. FOX ABOUT NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WAR.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 15, 1889.  
 EDITOR DEMOCRAT.  
 Scotland Neck, N. C.  
 Dear Sir:—A recent issue of your paper contains an extract from a review in the Philadelphia Press concerning the book "Regimental Losses in the Civil War." In some comments which follow the extract referred to, your correspondent states that the book "purports to be a correct history of each of the 2,700 regiments furnished by the North and South in the late war."

As the author of the work in question, permitting me to disclaim credit for quite so wide a scope as your paragraph would indicate. Less some purchaser might be disappointed, it might be well to state that the book does not give the history of each regiment, but aims, only, to give the mortality statistics of each. There are, however, regimental sketches of the 300 regiments in the Union Army which sustained the heaviest loss in killed during the war. But, in the statistics relating to the Confederate regiments, no attempt is made to give the mortality of each during the war. It would be impossible on account of the absence of completed muster rolls.

The Confederate statistics consist of a chronological list of battles, and under each battle is given a list of regiments which, according to the Confederate official reports, sustained the greatest loss in that particular battle. Another chronological list shows the Confederate loss in each battle as reported officially by the Confederate generals. In the list of regiments with greatest loss at each battle, the North Carolina regiments are conspicuous

by reason of their heavy losses, and the frequency with which they head the list. I know no long abate of the North Carolina regiments, but these figures certainly show that no regiments in the Confederate Army faced any hotter musketry, or stood up to their work any longer than the men of the Old North State.

One other point, by the way. In your extract from the review in the Philadelphia Press the boys in killed sustained by certain Confederate States is given; but the writer neglected to quote my statement that the returns were incomplete and that in some States many of the rolls were missing. The figures were taken from the report of Gen. James B. Fry, U. S. Provost-Marshal-General, a report made in 1866.

Could the Confederate rolls have been complete, there would not have been so great a disparity in the number of killed as the figures indicate. Virginia evidently lost more than 7,847 in killed or mortally wounded. The North Carolina rolls are in better shape than the records of the other States, and hence General Fry's clerks gleaned a larger number of casualties from those records. Still, there are other statistics, which prove beyond any doubt that the North Carolina troops sustained the heaviest losses in killed.

Yours very respectfully,  
 WILLIAM F. FOX.  
 [We have it upon the authority of an officer of Gen. Lee's army that the testimony of Col. Fox is not necessary to establish the fact that the soldiers of the Old North State had nearly three times as many killed and mortally wounded as those from Virginia. The 3rd N. C. at Sharpsburg had eleven more men killed than the entire legions of Winder, Mahone, Rempus and A. instead—in all eleven—Virginia regiments.—Editor.]

## The Boy Who Says "We."

Don't laugh at the boy who magnifies his place. You may see him coming from the post-office with a big bundle of his employer's letters, which he displays with as much pride as if they were his own. He feels important, and he looks it. But he is proud of his place. He is attending to business. He likes to have the world know that he is at work for a busy concern. One of the Lawrences, of Boston, once said: "I would not give much for a boy who does not say 'we' before he is with us a fortnight." The boy who says 'we' identifies himself with the concern. His interests are his. He sticks up for its credit and reputation. He takes pleasure in its work, and hopes to say 'we' in earnest. The boy will reap what he sows if he keeps his grit and sticks to his job. You may take off your hat to him as one of the future solid men of the town. Let his employer do the right thing by him, check him kindly if he shows signs of being too big for his place, counsel him as to his habits and associates, and occasionally show him a pleasant prospect of an advancement. A little praise does an honest boy a heap of good. Good luck to the boy who says 'we!'—*Springfield Union.*

## Learning to Think.

In every-day life no girl is more noticeable than the majority of many persons to do their own thinking, even in matters and upon things wholly within the range of their intelligence. They will see a point that is suggested to them, and will at once understand its bearing on some matter in hand, but they do not seem to have the faculty or set of rating points for themselves, and consequently their action is not as intelligent as it might be. If given a rule to work by, they will apply it not only to themselves, but out of serene and will look around for a suggestion that, under special circumstances, they should have applied for a rule proper here. Every employer and overseer of labor knows to what an extent this is the case. It is the exceptional workman who really thinks and who can therefore be trusted to suit his action to circumstances. And so it nearly every sphere of life, a kind of automatism seems to be the rule, and intelligent self-direction, in the light of present facts, more or less the exception. One is, therefore, tempted to ask whether in connection with our system of education some gymnastic might not be devised for the special purpose of teaching the rising generation to think.—*Poplar States.*

## A TRAMP BRIDEGROOM.

One afternoon a tramp printer entered the office of the Franklin Press. The regular corps of compositors was so deficient to do all the necessary work, but the boys were lazy and wanted to go fishing, so the tramp was given temporary employment. When the boys returned next day they were surprised and not a little ashamed to see the tramp had "set up" the entire paper—work which would have taken the entire force several days to perform. When the proof sheets were brought in they were found to be so clean that the editor of the *Franklin* sent for the tramp. "What is your name?" asked the editor. "Clear Howell," replied the tramp. "Where are you from?" "Mr. Howell waved his hand around in a circle, and said, "I don't know." "What does that mean?" "Means that I am from everywhere." "Do you want work?" "That's the reason I came here." "I mean regular work?" "Yes; but I don't want to throw anybody out of a job." "God you are so honorable, but those boys out there are my sons, and I'm thinking of sending them to school." "All right then; I'll take their place." "Do you drink?" "I would sip the ball of an extended spree the other day, but I am not going to drink any more." "I hope your resolution may hold out." "I will give it many a half soling." "Well, you may begin regular tomorrow morning." "All right sir."

Within two months from that time Mr. Howell was one of the best dressed men in the town. People who had commented on his shabby appearance now called him handsome. He joined the Good Templar's lodge and mingled in the society of the better class of the town. He wore new, his courtesy marked. One year passed away. Mr. Howell was engaged to marry the handsomest and most intelligent young woman in the town. The girl's father and mother were delighted. Howell was envied by all the young men. The day for the wedding drew near. The popular and enterprising tailor had made Howell's wedding suit. One day another tramp entered the office. Howell dropped his "make-up" and sprang forward to meet him.

"Why, Shorty, how are you?" "Shorter now," the tramp replied, as he placed his elbows on the composing stone. "How is it with you?" "Oh, I am dying. Going to get married to-morrow night." "Glad to hear it. When we separated that day with a carefully divided quart I didn't think your lines would so soon fall in such appreciative places." "Neither did I. It is due, though, Shorty, to my sobriety. I tell you there is no hope for the drunkard. I'll never drink any more." "Glad. Expect to quit pretty soon myself. What sort of wedding togethery have you got?" "Finest you ever saw." "Would like to see 'em. Where's your room?" "Just across the street." "Suppose we go over." "All right. You ought to see my girl." They went to Howell's room. "By George!" exclaimed Shorty, "You will be fixed up in style, won't you?" "I should say so. Well it's time for I've been a fool long enough." "Say, put 'em on. I want to see how you look as a bridegroom." "I don't want to trouble 'em." "Go ahead and put 'em on. You know that in my present plight I can't go to see you stop?" "To please you, Shorty, I'll put 'em on, but you are the only person that could cause me to yield in this matter." He put on the clothes. "By George, Oscar you look like a French dancing master. Well, I am going to take a little nip." He took a bottle out of his pocket and shook it. "Here's some old stuff, a few years' old. When after the time we started that old nip for a pint or so, I paid brandy." "Well, here's to you. Ah, ha, ha, ha. Would you try a little?" "No." "What's that you? Would that hurt a flea. I tell you that when a fellow gets into a little hole is a mighty good thing for him." "You don't mean to say that you have had that hoker for several days?" "Yes. I tell you what's a Lie. A man don't want but little of this stuff, and the beauty of it is it keeps him from drinking bad hoker." "Let me smell of it." Howell held the bottle to his nose; then, with a sudden impulse, his lips closed over the neck.

"Ah, that is good. What sort of a time have you had since I saw you last?" "Though I tell you, I like another pull and had it ever here. Recollect that song 'Oh Patsy. I never used to sing—When this cost was no more.' "Yes," Howell replied. "I was thinking about it the other night. I had my last 'one' ware" as Sammie names it, but not pretty low, too." "Yes, too low." "That isn't bad. Say, can you sing Patsy's song?" "Maybe, if I had hoker enough." "Here's a pull down the back stairs into that parlor." "All right, but don't you forget to take out your wedding clothes!" "No, we won't be down there but a few minutes."

The next day a battered bridegroom and a gagged tramp awoke in a cattle car seventy-five miles from Franklin. "Say, Oscar?" "Well, 'Give me your vest. You ain't got no use for so much togetery." "All right, here she is." "Where shall we strike back?" "Get off at the junction and strike out down the Memphis road."—*Franklin States.*

## Prohibition A Success in Iowa.

Letter from Governor Latham.  
 "I desire to say that the Prohibition law in Iowa has more than answered the best expectations of its former most hopeful advocates. As regards the assertion that Prohibition has been driving population from the State, not a person has left the State on account of Prohibition whom it is desirable to have retained. Many of those engaged in the saloon and liquor business and such persons as are usually attracted by these interests have left, and the State is largely the gainer thereby."

## Young Men.

There is no moral object so beautiful to the eye as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven; don't know he's below, but know that he has fallen below them, and will beam forth against the blaze of their popularity, may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illumines his own fair sphere. He reads, thinks, acts, not without a struggle, but that is not a virtue, but a duty, and compares his here's with those of the prodigal, and a star, I mean, for that is a star of virtuous deeds with its own pure light. He who says in his heart, but not with his lips, "This is my God," does not know his God, and needs no woman. Woman is sheltered by free grace and loving counsel, and is supported by experience, and is not protected by strength, but by young man stands and the I say, I mean of the world like a self-acting light.

Happy is he who sows and gives the proof of morality. "Forward," you, conscientious youth, the glory of the world, and in the days of your golden age, if God has given you the intellectual powers, make it most common. Never let it be said of you, that you help to swell the river of our youth, that influence into misanthropy. If that is your moral strength, allow me that that is not a virtue, but a duty, and compares his here's with those of the prodigal, and a star, I mean, for that is a star of virtuous deeds with its own pure light. He who says in his heart, but not with his lips, "This is my God," does not know his God, and needs no woman. Woman is sheltered by free grace and loving counsel, and is supported by experience, and is not protected by strength, but by young man stands and the I say, I mean of the world like a self-acting light.

Happy is he who sows and gives the proof of morality. "Forward," you, conscientious youth, the glory of the world, and in the days of your golden age, if God has given you the intellectual powers, make it most common. Never let it be said of you, that you help to swell the river of our youth, that influence into misanthropy. If that is your moral strength, allow me that that is not a virtue, but a duty, and compares his here's with those of the prodigal, and a star, I mean, for that is a star of virtuous deeds with its own pure light. He who says in his heart, but not with his lips, "This is my God," does not know his God, and needs no woman. Woman is sheltered by free grace and loving counsel, and is supported by experience, and is not protected by strength, but by young man stands and the I say, I mean of the world like a self-acting light.

## A NORTH CAROLINA TOWN TWO MONTHS OLD.

The town of Weafield, in the program of Moore county, appears to be a promising place. Its founders were of it as well as the founders of Moore county. Weafield, the yearman seen in Moore county. It is a new town, and its growth is rapid and steady. Its population is now about 200. It is a most encouraging sign of the times, indicating that the spirit of progress and enterprise is fully in possession of our people. Weafield's position is well adapted to the needs of our native population, and it is the spirit of outside capital and foreign progress. It shows that we are not content with the material progress of the past, but are looking for a more substantial and lasting progress. Weafield is a most encouraging sign of the times, indicating that the spirit of progress and enterprise is fully in possession of our people. Weafield's position is well adapted to the needs of our native population, and it is the spirit of outside capital and foreign progress. It shows that we are not content with the material progress of the past, but are looking for a more substantial and lasting progress.

Subscribe to the DEMOCRAT.